

LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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DEATH IN THE FLAMES.

SIX HUNDRED PERSONS PERISH IN FOREST FIRES IN THE NORTHWEST—PANIC-STRICKEN INHABITANTS OF THE TOWN OF HINCKLEY, MINNESOTA,
SEEK REFUGE IN A MORASS, VAINLY HOPING TO ESCAPE THE FLAMES.—DRAWN BY B. WEST CLINEDINST FROM DATA
SUPPLIED BY A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.—[SEE PAGE 169.]
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LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

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ARKELL WEEKLY COMPANY.

The Armor-plate Scandal.

THE preliminary report of the Hon. Amos J. Cummings, chairman of the House Committee investigating the Carnegie armor frauds, has shocked the sensibilities and patriotism of every honest citizen. The early declaration of the company's officials had held out the hope that they were the victims of a conspiracy, but the most thorough and impartial investigation of Mr. Cummings's committee, and the utter absence of political bias or forced conclusions in its unanimous report, have dispelled that hope. There is yet the chance, however, that the frauds have not seriously diminished the resistance of the armor; the actual damage inflicted can only be determined by submitting types of the defective plates and bolts to all the circumstances of battle in a ballistic test. It is the hope of the committee that the assertions of the company's employees that the frauds were unimportant will be proven correct, and that these plates will be found to be of good steel and fair armor.

The necessity of special legislation, fixing the criminality and punishment for frauds in the manufacture and supply of war material intended for the national defense, is pointed out by the report, and there, until the test of the defective plates is had, the matter rests. Whatever else may happen, the country may be assured that if Mr. Cummings is given the authority he requires, the armor of the new navy will in a short time be all that it was intended to be, and fully worthy of the magnificent guns and hulls that it defends. But there is an undercurrent in the report, which shows that a damage has been done the nation that cannot be compensated for by fines, nor repaired by new armor-plates. The confidence of the people has been abused; the national self-respect has been humbled, and the patriotic impulses of which our navy is the offspring have been chilled.

Every one knows that in the struggle for a bare existence in the jostling competition of the trades there have been developed grades of inferiority which nevertheless satisfy the terms of almost any contract that may be drawn by others than experts. These conditions are inevitable and generally understood; one buyer is decided by the price, another by the quality; neither, however, wants the avowedly inferior. And so there are grades of "superfine" which are not even fine, and "double extras" which are barely mediocre. With regard to our battle-ships' armor, however, it is different; quality is the only consideration; there has been no question of price. There is absolutely no competition; two administrations have sought to build up its manufacture, not in any haggling spirit, but with a liberal hand, paying a price far exceeding that given for any other armor in the world—seeking to relieve the manufacturers of every necessity of resorting to the cheapening practices of competing trades and insisting only that they honestly make the best they can.

The navy is the essence of patriotism; there are few individuals who expect to rely upon it for personal comfort and protection at any period of their lives, yet all feel that the body politic must lean heavily upon it, and that its integrity is essential to the national honor and safety. The spirit that lives in all men's hearts, perhaps too seldom roused to utterance in the oratory of national anniversaries, at least finds substantial expression in the white defenders of our coasts. To diminish their powers of defense is to lay the heart of the country bare to the blows of an invader. It would be traitorous and unworthy even as a *ruse de guerre* when practiced on a prospective opponent; as it is, it is a wicked, senseless injury, unjustified



by any argument of expedience or trade, no matter how degraded the latter may be declared to have become.

The damage does not stop at the fraudulently-manufactured armor; a terrible blow has been dealt the reputation of a great firm by its dishonest employés. Whatever the actual damage, the fact remains that these men evaded the contract, hoodwinked the inspectors and the officials of the company as well, and now have the hardihood to claim that they acted for the purpose of obtaining the best possible armor. The Carnegie Steel Company is not alone, however, in its disaster. Though there is no competition in armor-making in our own country, that is not the case in the markets of the world. Foreign manufacturers have viewed with wonder and alarm the eminence which our manufacturers have taken in this respect, and which, as Secretary Herbert stated in his letter to the naval committee, is all the more remarkable in that it is due to the foresight of the department in adopting and promoting American genius and invention rather than the development of an industry fighting for existence under the pressure of competition, as has been the case abroad.

Foreign technical journals have paid tribute in many languages to this evidence of American skill and enterprise, while the processes and ideas first developed by and for our navy have been generally adopted abroad. This state of affairs has not been brought about without exciting resistance and a spirit of criticism and jealousy. The Carnegie mills, and the still more comprehensive plant of the Bethlehem Iron Company, which is now capable of handling with ease any probable domestic order for either gun steel or armor, are regarded abroad as tremendous competitors. It cannot be surprising, therefore, that foreign trade journals should descant with delight on the "Yankee tricks" of American armor-makers, on the evasion of a system of inspection more exacting than exists anywhere else in the world, and the hoodwinking of blind authorities. In all their greater experience no such scandal has ever occurred.

Not only has the Bethlehem Iron Company, against whose honest purpose to make the best possible material no word of reproach has ever been uttered, suffered an irreparable damage, but American manufacturers generally must suffer. It is inevitable that the minds of foreign buyers will be influenced by the thought—if well-paid American manufacturers of armor for American men-of-war cheat and defraud, what will they do when making armor for foreign ships? What, in fact, will any American manufacturer stop at when fulfilling a foreign contract?

Village Decadence.

VILLAGE life has lost greatly in picturqueness and in dignity all over the English-speaking world during the past half-century. This decadence has been greater in America than elsewhere, perhaps, but in this comparatively new country we accustom ourselves to changing conditions with great rapidity, and therefore we have adapted ourselves to the new order without much comment or repining. But in England many could not understand why life in villages should offer fewer opportunities than formerly, and why to youths of any ambition the prospect of continuing in the homes where they were born was too distasteful to be borne, and that in consequence they went away to the cities to seek their fortune, or fled still further, across the seas to the freer life of the colonies. Accordingly a grave Parliamentary commission was appointed to inquire into the cause of the decadence, and to suggest, if possible, a remedy. It would have been as wise to appoint a commission to explain why water runs down hill. These changes in village life have come about naturally, and are in large part the results of improvements in machinery, so that nearly everything that man uses in the way of furniture, clothes, implements of husbandry, and even articles of personal adornment, are made by machinery in great factories, where individual workmen are as but parts of the machines they start and stop.

Forty years ago each American village had a full equipment of artisans—tailors, shoemakers, cabinet-makers, carpenters, carriage-makers, clock-makers, gunsmiths, tanners, blacksmiths, brick and stone masons, and so on. Of this list all have now departed from ordinary village life save the shoemaker, the blacksmith, the carpenter, and the bricklayer, and from two of these the artistic part of their trades is no longer of much use to them. The village shoemaker is now but a mender of machine-made shoes, a patcher of leather, a cobbler of boots run down at the heel. The blacksmith, once a worker in wrought iron, who delighted in fashioning quaint devices for house decoration, now confines his attention almost exclusively to the feet of horses and to the welding together of pieces of broken farm implements. About the men who worked at these trades and their families centred the village life of the old time, and the society was not only good, but it was dignified by labor that ennobled while in a small measure it enriched. Now the men in the country churches are clad in ready-made clothes, while they tell

the time by machine-made watches and clocks, shoot with machine-made guns where any game is left to be shot, wear machine-made boots, buy machine-made furniture for their houses, and till their fields with machine-made implements. These once prosperous and dignified trades have been killed by machinery, and the shops in which these tradesmen used to work are empty now or put to other purposes. The youth approaching manhood sees few opportunities before him to be other than a farm laborer, and naturally seeks a wider field of effort. This takes from the village in these later days its best blood, and the decadence begun by the shutting up of the old shops is hastened till the time comes when either the village life is quickened by the establishment of some kind of a factory, or it settles down into a dead-and-alive calm which conduces to a sleep almost as deep as that afforded by the grave.

In contemplating these changes it is sad to recognize how much of the dignity and beauty of life has been lost, but at the same time it is comforting to know that through the influence of these changes the condition of the generality of mankind has been greatly improved, and all is for the good of the greatest number.

Populism in Colorado.

HERE is a deep significance in the fact that the merchants, business men, and financiers of Colorado are combining to defeat the Populists in the coming election. No State has had a better opportunity to determine the precise value of Populist theories carried into practical administration than Colorado. Nowhere have these ideas found wider recognition or more aggressive advocates. The whole policy of the State has been adjusted in

harmony with the ultra demands of this pestiferous faction. We need not recapitulate the excesses which have marked its rule. From first to last it has been dominated by contempt for law and hostility to the established order. It has made war upon the rights of person and of property, and has sought to make the caprice of the mob superior to the will of the people constitutionally ascertained and expressed. As a result, the prosperity of the State has been arrested, its credit has been impaired, and enormous damage has been done to every substantial interest. The capital needed for the development of its great natural resources can no longer be obtained, and nothing is more certain than that a persistence in the present policy would reduce the State to bankruptcy, morally and industrially.

It is under these circumstances that Democrats and independents who voted for Governor Waite at the last election are uniting with Republicans in a determined effort to rescue the State from Populist control, and so recover the confidence of the financial world. These men realize that the State cannot hope to regain the prosperity it has lost so long as it antagonizes the conscience and enlightened judgment of the country and the lessons of business and political experience, and they mean, rising superior to partisan considerations, to put an end to the *régime* which has proved so disastrous to every important interest. There can be no doubt at all as to the issue of the contest. Common sense and a patriotic regard for the welfare of the State will get the better of the anarchistic delusions which still control Waite and his following. And what is happening in Colorado will happen, sooner or later, in every other State which has experienced the evils of Populist ascendancy. The American people are sometimes betrayed into following after deceivers and deceptions, but no party which is in spirit antagonistic to the principles upon which this government is founded can long maintain its hold upon their confidence, or permanently influence the policy or life of the nation.

The Arctic Sphinx Bepestered.



HAT ill-tempered old thing, the Arctic Sphinx, is hard pressed this summer by men with mechanical contrivances for solving her many mysteries. Lieutenant Peary, with skier, sledges and dogs, is investigating the top of Greenland; Dr.

Nansen is trying whether, in a V-shaped ship, you can drift, unwrecked, across the Arctic Ocean, and Mr. Jackson, with a feather-weight outfit of copper and aluminum, has attempted the problem of the road to the North Pole by way of Franz Josef Land. A few weeks ago Mr. Walter Wellman, with all manner of furnishings, was above Spitzbergen, puzzling at that oldest of Arctic riddles, how to get north along the twentieth meridian. He had aluminum boats and sledges, and a new kind of condensed food, and a portable path made of canvas stiffened with sticks, to be unrolled on mushy snow, and half-a-dozen other devices for conquering problems of travel over ice-floes; but withal, Mr. Wellman had to give up

the riddle and flee, lest the Sphinx should devour him. His expedition has been delightfully spectacular. Mr. Wellman had never traveled in the Arctic, but people told him about that route over the polar ice-pack north of Spitzbergen, never attempted with sledges since the days of Parry, who, though encumbered by ponderous equipment, nevertheless reached the high latitude of 82° 45'. Fired with hope of glory, Mr. Wellman determines to surpass Parry's record, and makes his preparations, and that is all right; but unfortunately, as it turns out, for himself, he tells, not only scientific societies, but also the newspaper-reading world all about it. There is the impressive spectacle of this modern Oedipus, armed *cap-a-pie*, setting forth to conquer the Sphinx and to return home in time for Thanksgiving turkey and cranberry sauce. Whether his misfortunes were the result of his inexperience or of pure bad luck, it is not time to say; full reports from him have not yet come in. But Mr. Wellman has at least gained a valuable experience, and he can return to the polar pack in 1896, as he pluckily avers he will, somewhat prepared to deal with its many uncertainties.

For doing one thing Mr. Wellman deserves credit: he has proved that boats built of aluminum will stand rough usage in the ice, and that is a fact of importance, because aluminum is so light. Lightness in constant weights, such as boats or sledges or cooking utensils or scientific instruments, is of the utmost importance in all Arctic travel away from the ship. For you cannot depend on finding food or fuel as you go; you must take your provisions with you. And obviously the less wood and metal you have to pull, the more pemmican and alcohol you can carry along, the longer you can trust yourself away from your headquarters, and, of course, the further you can march.

Mr. Wellman's proof that aluminum boats are to be depended upon goes to increase one's hopes for the success of what seems quite the most promising expedition now above the Arctic Circle, that of Mr. Frederick Jackson, an Englishman. Mr. Jackson seems to have for his enterprise the essentials to success; a good route, good equipment, and, as comrades, men of endurance. He has started in his steam-whaler to pierce through the Arctic pack to Franz Josef Land. It seems likely that he will arrive safe, as have one or two others. Somewhere on the southern coast of this country he will land with his three houses, his stable, his dog-kennel, dogs, ponies, eighteen sledges, boats of light wood, of aluminum, and of copper, reindeer-skin clothing, aluminum saucepans, etc., etc., the most complete outfit that was ever taken above the Arctic Circle. Next spring—or this fall, if the way seems tempting—he will begin to journey northward, carrying, to begin with, large quantities of provisions and dropping them in *caches* all along his route, to be picked up on his way back. Thus, less and less burdened the further he goes from his headquarters, he will be able to travel faster and faster, always, however, sure of provisions for his retreat. He ought to penetrate far, and, if he does not reach the pole, at least to open a great new territory.

His route is not quite new. Twenty years ago last autumn an Austrian expedition, commanded by Lieutenant Weyprecht, came by accident upon some large new islands two hundred miles north of Novaya Zemlya, and in the following spring Lieutenant Peyer, who had charge of sledging for the expedition, led a party north along a frozen sound between the islands till he was stopped by open water at 82° 5'. Across the water lay in sight more land, but Lieutenant Peyer had no boats. Mr. Jackson will follow in his footsteps, but with his light, easily portable boats he will be in no way hindered by open water.

But good equipment, though useful, cannot carry an explorer to the pole over a bad road, and if Jackson's expedition seems likeliest of all, that is not because it is well-fitted out so much as because it is to travel upon stable footing. Dr. Nansen's success depends upon the drift of the polar pack, the plaything of winds and the temperature, as well as of currents. The trees drift from Siberia across the Arctic Ocean to Grinnell Land; a pair of trousers drifted from where the *Jeannette* was crushed over to south Greenland, and so perhaps can Dr. Nansen. But the voyage is likely to last three years, and three years is a long time for a ship to stand the pressures of the polar pack. If the *Fram* lives through it she will have indeed made a wonderful voyage. As for Lieutenant Peary, his enterprise of this year is merely supplementary to his great expedition of 1892; he is afield simply to finish off his determination of the northern boundary of Greenland. If, arriving at the termination of the island, he finds the way over the pack toward the north favorable, he will make a dash for the pole. But as soon as he leaves the solid earth his path will be uncertain, and, moreover, he will be handicapped for want of a boat; at any time he may be blocked, as were Lieutenant Lockwood and Sergeant Brainerd, by a lead of open water a few feet wide. Mr. Jackson's path, among the islands or over them—at least for many miles—will not shift under his feet, and in all probability will not present obstacles that he is not prepared to meet.

Mr. Jackson is not the first man to perceive the many advantages of the route via Franz Josef Land; they have been apparent ever since, in 1880 and 1881, Mr. Leigh Smith so easily reached the islands. For many years our

own most honored and most experienced of Arctic travelers, Commodore Melville, has upheld Franz Josef Land as the most convenient road to the pole. The remarkable thing is that it has not been attempted long before this. It is a pity that an American could not have tried it, since Arctic honors have rested with America for so many years, but as it is, the only thing to do is to wish Mr. Jackson all success.

About Gubernatorial Candidates.

"Finally LESLIE'S WEEKLY arouses to a renewed sense of duty, and protests against the nomination of millionaire Morton, whom Boes Platt and his heelers are trying to force at the head of the Republican State ticket this fall. The arguments against his nomination presented by the WEEKLY are strong, but they are by no means exhausted. Nothing is said of the demoralization of a purely 'bar'l' canvass, which relegates statesmen to the rear to make room for plutocrats who will bleed freely. Altogether, however, we thank LESLIE'S WEEKLY for responding to our invitation to speak out, and in again putting itself on record against the 'bar'l' candidate of the bosses and heelers. Well may the WEEKLY plead for a candidate of character and capacity instead."—*Troy Press*.

THE *Press* is mistaken in assuming that LESLIE'S WEEKLY needed any prodding to induce it to insist upon the nomination of the very best man in the party ranks as the Republican candidate for Governor. The WEEKLY opposes Mr. Morton's nomination in accordance with the policy it has always pursued of favoring the selection as party candidates of the ablest, purest, and best-equipped men attainable. It has no special animosities, and its attitude politically is never governed by a factional temper. It demands simply that the best and highest character and the purest and most unselfish impulses of the party shall have recognition in its nominations and its policy. It holds that the one supreme function of the Republican party is to serve the people, and it believes that this can best be done, can only be effectively and satisfactorily done, by employing in that service agents who measure up to the standard herein indicated. We are glad to find the *Press* in full accord with us in this general view. Doubtless it desires to see the Democratic party, as well as the Republican, nominate a candidate of the highest "character and capacity." We see that Justice Gaynor's name has been mentioned in that connection. No Democrat in the State is more deserving of the highest honors his party can bestow. Able, upright, fearless, he would be an ideal executive. The *Press* has not yet declared in his favor, but undoubtedly it will do so. So vigorous and consistent an advocate of the elevation of the public service will not miss the opportunity to promote that end which Justice Gaynor's candidacy fortunately affords it.

WHAT'S GOING ON

A BURNED child dreads the fire. Great Britain having been compelled to pay roundly for her violation of neutrality in permitting rebel cruisers to be fitted out in her ports during our Civil War, she now makes haste to announce that she will not allow vessels for either Japan or China to be built or sent out from waters within her jurisdiction, and by way of showing her sincerity has ordered the seizure of a war-ship supposed to be under charter from one of the belligerent Powers. It is notable in this connection that the London *Globe*, in applauding the action of the government, makes the distinct admission that "the *Alabama* decision was in principle perfectly right." Remembering how bitterly that decision was denounced in England at the time it was rendered, this confession from a leading newspaper must be regarded as a significant vindication of the American attitude in the *Alabama* controversy.

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As was anticipated, the Tillmanites have carried nearly every county at the Democratic primary elections in South Carolina, and the Legislature is likely to be overwhelmingly in favor of the eccentric Governor for United States Senator. It is understood that the conservative Democrats will run an independent ticket at the November election, and Senator Butler's friends entertain a hope that he may obtain strength enough in the Legislature to give him a fighting chance for a re-election, but this is hardly probable in view of the conditions which now exist. Mr. Tillman will not be, in some respects, a desirable acquisition to the Senate; but, with all his vagaries and crudities, he is more nearly in sympathy with popular ideas than Senator Butler, and he has a fearlessness and contempt of routine which will not be altogether valueless in the struggle for the overthrow of the effete traditionalism of Senatorial rules and methods.

*
It is to be regretted that the Constitutional Convention has not had time to mature and agree upon an amendment to the constitution for the preservation to public use of the forest lands of the State. The time wasted on some other subjects might have been profitably devoted to this. Of the 3,588,803 acres embraced in the Adirondack region the State now owns only 731,459, or about one-fifth of the whole. Vast tracts have been disposed of to individuals and corporations—some as private preserves, and others

for lumbering purposes, the result being in both cases that the public is deprived of the advantages of this vast sanitarium and pleasure-ground. In many places the lands are being stripped of their timber in the face of the fact that deforestation is invariably followed by a shrinkage of the water supply and by a deterioration of climate. The value of the forests as a game preserve is also greatly diminished by the remorseless process of denudation. It is of the utmost importance that the work of destruction should be arrested, and the adoption of an amendment definitely prohibitive in character would have been a long step in that direction. Something may be done by legislation to preserve what is left of the forests, but legislation is hard to get when antagonized by the selfish influences which are interested in defeating it.

*

A CONTEMPORARY draws attention to what it calls one of the queer occupations of mankind—that of dragging for lost anchors. It is carried on, we are told, in bays and rivers, and even in the open sea along the coast, giving employment to a fleet of sloops and schooners. There are more people, we suspect, than those thus referred to, who are engaged in eager quests for anchors lost—men and women who have gone adrift from safe moorings and are seeking to recover the cables that once held them securely amid all the buffettings of life. The follies of youth, the hot passions of manhood, misguided ambition and pride of soul, snapped, one by one, the cable strands, and they have been tossed to and fro in the fierce seas, dashed upon rocks and shoals, driven before resistless tempests, until now there is no harbor anywhere in which they can find rest and calm. If they could but find the old anchors—the purity of heart and mind, the love of the true and pure, the delight in the beautiful, the grip upon themselves which they once possessed—how life would brighten again, and how eagerly they would make the port of safety! But with character gone, the moral sense enfeebled, and adrift without chart or compass, how shall such as these ever escape the doom they have invoked? Not all the fleets of all the seas, piloted by earthly hands, can find or gather up the anchors from which hapless human derelicts have purposely cut loose.

*

THE *Steam and Sail* newspaper, criticising certain remarks in this journal on the necessity of a restriction of undesirable immigration, makes the remarkable statement that "the steamship companies are the greatest hinderance to the coming here of the objectionable classes." It goes on to say that "they have adopted the most rigorous regulations for the sifting and examination of those who apply for passage, that they reject all who come within the prohibitive features of the law," etc. It is a sufficient answer to these statements as to the efforts of the steamship companies to protect us from the invasion of hordes of ignorant and worthless immigrants, that most of them have actively opposed the enactment of laws calculated to diminish the inflowing volume, and that all, without exception, bring to our shores, every month in the year, aliens who are in every way undesirable. At the late session of Congress these companies employed all their influence to defeat the bill providing for the consular inspection of immigrants—a policy which, spite of Secretary Carlisle's argument to the contrary, is entirely practicable, and would prove of enormous benefit to the country. And there is good ground to believe that, even opposed as it was by the secretary, this bill would have been successful but for the aggressive hostility of the corporations interested in its defeat.

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THE political campaign now in progress in North Carolina possesses national interest for the reason that upon the Legislature now to be chosen will devolve the election of two United States Senators—one as successor to Mr. Ransom, and the other to fill out the unexpired term of Senator Vance. Mr. Jarvis, who now fills the latter place by temporary appointment, is hopeful of election, and Mr. Ransom is of course desirous of being his own successor, but it is hardly probable that both can be elected. There is an unwritten law in North Carolina that one Senator shall come from the eastern and the other from the western section of the State, the Richmond and Danville Railroad being the line of division. Both the present Senators are from the eastern section, and the indications are that, with a view of restoring the equilibrium, the Populists and Republicans of the western counties will unite in supporting legislative candidates pledged to vote for a western man for Senator. There is a possibility that, pursuing this policy, they will be able, with such help as they can get from the Republicans elsewhere, to secure a fusion majority in the Legislature, and if this should turn out to be the case the conditions of North Carolina politics may be radically changed, and the Democratic strength in the United States Senate at the same time reduced. There is a considerable Democratic element in that State which realizes that a protective policy is essential to the development of the resources of the commonwealth, and this element would welcome any disintegration of parties which assured a re-formation of political lines in sympathy with progressive ideas.



AN EAST INDIAN JINRIKISHA—NOVELTY PRIZE-WINNER.



FIRST PRIZE FOUR-WHEEL TRAP.



FIRST PRIZE FOUR-IN-HAND, DECORATED IN GREEN AND YELLOW.



FIRST PRIZE TANDEM.

GLIMPSES OF THE RECENT "SUNFLOWER CARNIVAL" AT COLORADO SPRINGS, COLORADO.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHARLES E. EMERY.—[SEE PAGE 169.]

A Great Railroad Manager Gone.

ANOTHER railroad president has succumbed to overwork and apoplexy. The other day it was President Manvel of the Santa Fé; now it is John Newell of the Lake Shore. He was a type of American industry and perseverance, and of all those qualities of sterling worth and tireless activity which characterize the successful business men of the country, whose highest exponents are to be found in the presidential chairs of the great systems into which our railway lines are divided. He was a veteran in the railway service. Born in West Newbury, Massachusetts, of good English stock, he spent his early life on a farm, and received his education in the Essex County schools. He entered the railroad service at sixteen as a

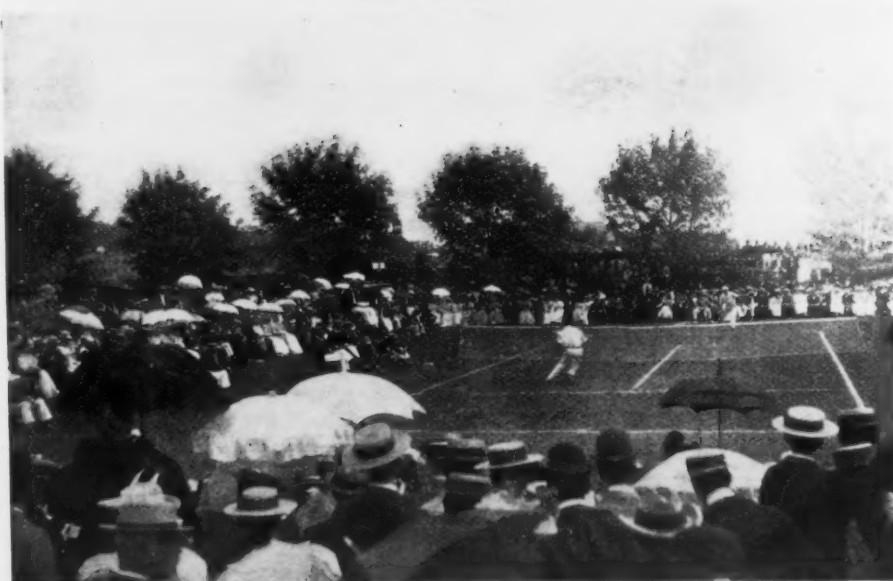
(Continued on page 169.)



THE LATE JOHN NEWELL, PRESIDENT OF THE LAKE SHORE AND MICHIGAN SOUTHERN RAILWAY.



WRENN RETURNING.



WRENN AT THE NET.

THE TENNIS TOURNAMENT AT NEWPORT—GREAT BRITAIN'S REPRESENTATIVE, GOODBODY, IS DEFEATED BY THE AMERICAN CHAMPION, WRENN.
PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRANK H. CHILD.—[SEE PAGE 173.]

POLICE CORRUPTION IN NEW YORK CITY.

SUMMARY OF THE EVIDENCE BEFORE THE LEXOW COMMITTEE



HON. CLARENCE LEXOW, CHAIRMAN OF THE SENATE COMMITTEE.

"BUSINESS LICENSED BY LAW IS ROBBED. BUSINESS FORBIDDEN BY LAW IS BLACKMAILED."

These words were uttered on July 4th by St. Clair McKelway, editor of the Brooklyn *Eagle*, in an oration at Woodstock Park, Connecticut, and they describe to a nicety, as doubtless they were intended to describe, the astounding condition of affairs illustrating the corruption of the police in New York City, as revealed in the Lexow Committee investigation. On



THE COUNSEL FOR THE PROSECUTION.



GIDEON GRANGER.



JOHN MCCLAVE.

morally sure that there must be corruption in the police department, was practically overwhelmed by the shocking disclosures. New York had always been proud of her police—the "finest," as she used to call them. Indeed, when confining themselves strictly to police duty, New York still has confidence in them. Life and property were never safer in New York than they are today, but the pity of it is that because of that fact the police have practically demanded that they be allowed to traffic in vice—to become swindlers, thieves, extortions, and to deck out their homes and their families with the loathsome profits of it all.

It is only fair to say that the disclosures do not prove that the entire rank and file are thieves and swindlers, and that there are not scores, and perhaps hundreds, of honest policemen in New York City; but the presumption against general honesty is so strong that the innocent must share the burden with the guilty, and doubtless that explains the subdued and even sour expression on the faces of the police as they go about their patrol duty day after day.

dollars a month if you own a steamship line, and the "envelope gang" thereby employed is one of the "soft snaps" on the force; if you are a builder it would be well to pay twenty dollars occasionally and save your men from arrest for blockading the street; if you are a bootblack it would be well for you to pay five dollars a month to the policeman on your beat and shine his boots gratis if you would be free from his annoyances; if you are a street fakir give some of your wares to a policeman occasionally and you will not be disturbed in your curb-stone traffic until it is time to make another "present"; if you keep a fruit-stand you must let the policeman on your beat nibble at your stock until his appetite is sated, and pay him about five dollars a month in tribute, and you will then be allowed to sell without interference; if you have a push-cart and a license from the city to sell your wares, you must remember to see that the police get a small revenue each month or you will be compelled to "move on," and even if you do pay you must expect to be hustled away from the curb occasionally for the sake of appearances; you must expect all these charges regularly, but if a new captain comes into the district you must be prepared to pay for his assessment, and that will probably amount to a good sum, for did not one reputable merchant testify that the "ward man" came around and raised his sidewalk rent, saying: "The captain keeps fifteen thousand dollars to pay for his promotion?"

It must be remembered that the primary purpose of this investigation was to examine into alleged police corruption and not into Tammany Hall. Even in such a narrow field it was impossible to keep Tammany out of it, and here and there Tammany and its leaders and methods kept cropping out. There were Judge Roesch and Police Justice Divver, the far-famed

(Continued on page 172.)



THE COMMITTEE.



DELANCEY NICOLL.



LEXOW'S FATHER IN THE AUDIENCE.

June 26th that committee adjourned until September 10th, having been in session since May 21st. Earlier in the spring the committee had held a session, but that had disclosed only irregularities in political methods, and had come to be looked on as not a distinctive success. It was the second part of the investigation that roused the people. It proved beyond a shadow of a doubt that what Mr. McKelway said was true when he declared: "Business licensed by law is robbed. Business forbidden by law is blackmailed."

The police were the robbers. The police were the blackmailers. Perhaps the best proof that this grave assertion is true is the fact that not one newspaper in all New York City has challenged this conclusion, expressed by citizens generally, and there can be no doubt that the community, long since

This investigation has brought out these conclusions, which may be set down properly as facts: It costs three hundred dollars to become a policeman in New York, and the money goes somewhere; it costs about one thousand dollars to become a roundsman, and the money also goes somewhere; it costs from ten to twelve thousand dollars to become a captain, and that money goes somewhere. The police commissioners appoint and promote these policemen, and these policemen have to pay some one for all such favors. It is a mistake, however, to say that the police really pay for them. Oh, no. Protected vice or levied blackmail pays for them. That means, as the investigation showed, that to run a disorderly house it costs fifty dollars a month, five hundred dollars annual fees, and five hundred dollars "initiation fee" whenever a new captain comes into the district,—and it is significant that the commissioners made frequent changes until recently "for the good of the service"; it costs from twenty to forty dollars a month to sell liquor without a license; it costs about fifty dollars a year to store some of your goods on the sidewalk if you are in the fruit or produce business; you have to pay the policeman on the beat from ten to twenty dollars a month for sidewalk rent if you are a dry-goods merchant; you have to pay the policeman assigned to duty on your steamship pier from ten to twenty



EX-SURROGATE RANSOM.



TWO OLD-TIMERS.



JOHN W. GOFF.

DON DISMAL.

A MEXICAN EXTRAVAGANZA

BY REBA GREGORY PRELAT.

I.

"**A**ll, a mandolin!" cried Lalage, as the soft strains of unseen music filled the air. "A real live mandolin!"

She belonged to a party of Americans sitting in a Spanish garden just outside the City of Mexico. The host was a native, however, bearing about him hereditary traces of the dominant Spanish, not the conquered Aztec race; he was, moreover, called Cortez, so that he resembled the mighty Castilian conqueror, even in name.

Don Emanuel (for thus was he generally called) liked Americans, and imagined that he spoke their language.

When asked if he did so he replied:

"A vera leetle," but with an air of believing so much more that no one had the heart to undeceive him.

In the present instance one of the ladies thought that she spoke Spanish, so they kept up the linguistic fog with much satisfaction to themselves, and no apparent injury to others.

The American man belonged to the business class, and had come to the land of the Montezumas purely with an eye to coffee.

When scenery did not interfere with the interests of the "fragrant berry," he patronized it. When it did, scenery went by the board, and the don escorted the ladies.

The acquaintance had come about quite naturally, for Mr. Whetherell brought letters of introduction to many distinguished and wealthy citizens. Among these was a certain Pedro Valdez, senior partner in the great coffee-exporting house. Upon him it especially devolved to render the visit pleasant in a social way.

Now Pedro was stricken in years and unable to speak any but his native tongue, so he be-thought him of the son of his old friend Emanuel Cortez.

His method of opening the subject to that member of the "*jeunesse doré*" was sufficient to insure its success.

"I desire of thee, *amigo mio*, most excellent and accomplished as thou art, to visit with me some American arrivals who have brought letters to us. Thou hast leisure, and still the dew of thy youth. One of the women is in beauty a rival of the angels; besides, thou speakest their language in a manner so magnificent."

The don pleaded guilty to the last soft impeachment, and soon became the recognized cicerone of the party.

Mrs. Whetherell was a plump, brown-haired woman, full of the sunny humor which marked her husband.

Her friend, Lalage Lemar, was quite a different type—fragile, blonde, and exquisite.

She was a celebrated person in New York, and the don, if he had read the American papers as much as he pretended to, must often have seen her name as one of the leaders of the "smart set."

Mr. and Mrs. Whetherell came to the conclusion that the don's English was mostly of an unpractical kind; he looked so vague when it was spoken that they believed he could not understand.

He understood more than they gave him credit for. It was amusing to behold the Spaniard sitting there while they prattled in their native tongue with perfect security and ease, usually about him.

They had great faith in Lalage's Spanish, however, and indeed her musical accents would have made even Sanskrit passionate and enchanting.

Whether it was correct or not was of minor importance. As a matter of fact, it was hardly intelligible, and the don seldom knew what she meant; but as her pantomime was extremely good, and the cavalier quick in anticipating ladies' wishes, they gave the impression of perfect co-operation.

Perhaps the love he felt for her—a sudden, tropical passion common to his nationality—gave him an added intuition.

But to return to the mandolin.

"Tell him how much obliged we are," Beatrice Whetherell said in English, "and ask him to have the musician come before us. I am disappointed, do you know. I thought the gentlemen played the instruments themselves and threw roses and things. I am sure our Don Dismal looks equal to it."

The person in question certainly justified the remarks as he leaned back gracefully in a garden seat, his ardent eyes shining like stars, his gaze fixed rapturously upon Lalage.

"He really ought to do the romantic," Mr. Whetherell broke in; "serenade ladies on moonlight nights, in a tenor voice, recite poetry like Tasso, and finally die with a rapier in his heart. All these fellows are getting above their business. The nineteenth century affects them."

"Charlie, you ought to be ashamed; he might understand you."

"No danger of that, my dear. See him put on his universal smile when I accost him."

"*Muchas gracias, señor.* (That is my only Mexican phrase, and includes the music, the dinner, the garden, the whole Castilian entertainment outfit.)"

Lalage spoke a few words and pointed in the direction from which the music had come.

She held her lace-covered parasol as if it were a guitar, and picked the threads like strings.

Naturally he comprehended, and soon produced the musician, a handsome youth, who sang several songs to the accompaniment of the mandolin.

Even Mr. Whetherell was carried out of his practical calm.

The unknown words carried their meaning with them, and transmuted some essence of that remote and reckless Spain which has colored our modern Mexico.

"When Medelon is at her best

She drives me to despair.

She wears a dagger at her breast.

And roses in her hair.

Then her laugh is low

And her pulses go

With the fall and flow

Which young hearts know

When life and the world are fair.

"When at her worst, you understand,

She drives me to despair.

She holds the dagger in her hand.

And tears her unbound hair.

Her eyes are bright

With a fearful light.

And her face is white—

Till I shan't the sight

Of a wrong I cannot repair."

As the strains died away Lalage made quite an elaborate speech of thanks and appreciation.

He understood about seven words of the oration. One word was "serenade," another "roses," and later on, when she rose to go, "farewell."

As the shadows of evening approached they left the villa and its exquisite garden. Don Emanuel assuring them that his house and all it contained was theirs, including himself.

For once that Spanish formula of politeness was the exact truth.

II.

Two days later, in the privacy of their rooms in the Hotel Iturbide, Lalage and her friend sat discussing a letter. It was the don's latest effort in English composition, and began:

"Most appreciable and reverent ladies American."

It went on, in a labyrinth of involved sentences, to convey an invitation for the party to spend two days at another villa of his, some miles from the city.

"He really seems to run to villas," Beatrice said, *sotto voce*.

Mr. Whetherell was described in the note as the "cabellero accompanying."

"How like the Middle Ages it is!" Lalage cried, merrily. "This tropic sun, these rampant, clustering roses, this dismal and devoted don. They fire even my jaded soul. How charming it has been, my complete knowledge of the tongue, too!"

Beatrice looked at her closely.

"You are such a strange girl, Lalage. I never could imagine why you were willing to leave all the gayety at home for this wild trip. Of course there is some man desperately in love with you always (thank God it isn't Charlie!), but this Castilian is a peculiar—a sad case. Lalage, you ought to tell him."

"My dear Beatrice, I have told him—a hundred times."

"Then it is very queer indeed, the way he goes on. Why, even in New York, where it is bad enough, he would have to make some sort of a pretense."

"Oh, the Latin races show what they feel. It is *vive la caprice* with them. Besides, it has gone deep. How I shall enjoy this second villa. It is the one where they have the ruined remains of an old chapel, I hear, built in Cortez's time. I am glad, too, that he is not going to invite Mr. Hammersmith nor Mr. Brown, those most pushing Americans. I wish Charlie had not been thrown with them in business. They always want to act as interpreters, just as if I could not talk myself. Be sure to write that the 'appreciable and reverend ladies' accept."

The don's second villa was even more satisfactory than the first. The spacious chambers and wide halls of the dwelling proper were full of Old-World suggestions, while the ruined church and the distant snow-capped mountains lent the acme of the picturesque.

The first day was spent in listening to music and partaking of dainties.

The conversation was necessarily rather unconnected and desultory, but the love-light deepened hourly in the optics of the host.

Mr. Whetherell was amused but vaguely disquieted.

"It beats anything I ever saw—the cheek of that fellow," he said to Lalage in the afternoon. "I suppose staring is the custom of the country."

"I suppose so," Lalage answered, indifferently. "A cat may look at a king; besides, he knows all about it. I made an explicit explanation. Beatrice insisted, so it is no fault of mine, whatever happens. I assure you I went into circumlocution, and then he is so guileless—as innocent as a lamb."

"That's so," said Mr. Whetherell, seemingly comforted.

"At eleven o'clock that night Lalage was assigned to a sleeping-apartment on the first floor.

It was some little distance from the ground, however, and the window was secured with iron bars. The stone floor, the bare furnishing, the small white bed, and the crucifix on the wall, looking ghostly enough in the dim light of the candle, oppressed her.

She looked at the tiny watch—only a quarter past eleven!

The flicker of the light on the crucifix became more and more realistic.

She blew the candle out and went to the window.

The room was flooded with the radiance of the full moon. She clasped one of the iron bars and, to her surprise, it was loose.

Her dress was white, and white roses, gathered from the chapel vines, crowned her fair hair.

She looked like the vision of some departed saint.

Presently a sound was heard below—the footstep of a man.

She drew back as she saw the Don, carrying a mandolin, approaching her part of the garden. The moonlight idealized him too, and he seemed a hero of romance.

Her heart gave a throb, actuated by pity, with a dim suspicion of tenderness. Had not her beauty wrought harm enough in her own land?

Presently his mellow voice rang softly on the night, and this is the English translation of what he sang:

"Mandolinata! Mandolinata!

What can have brought her? What can have

brought her

Out from the court-yard's gloom

Into the street?

Is it the shining moon?

She comes to greet?

"Mandolinata! Mandolinata!

No harm is wrought her! No harm is wrought

her!

For though I stand aside,

Trembling to hear,

In her grace and pride

Dreams not I'm near.

"Mandolinata! Mandolinata!

Many have sought her, no one has caught her!

Here in our gay Madrid,

In the bright scene,

All the fair court amid

She is the queen.

"Mandolinata! Mandolinata!

What magic taught her? What magic taught her

Thus to reveal her mind,

Letting me see

She had come forth to find

Nothing but—me?"

There is probably no excuse for Lalage's course at the conclusion of this song, for she deliberately threw a rose out of the window.

She had understood from time immemorial that it was the custom in Spanish countries at the conclusion of a serenade.

She had all the dramatists and poets to prescribe it for her, yet when she saw him press it to his heart and lips with every expression of demonstrative joy, she—wished she had left the flower where it was.

III.

The next morning the don was pale, yet his expression conveyed a mingling of triumph and despair not easy to understand.

"What a perfect Don Dismal he is," Mr. Whetherell remarked, whose own emotional thermometer never varied except from "fair to middling."

In wandering around the grounds Lalage and the Spaniard lost sight of the rest, and after a while she found herself alone with her host in the ruined chapel.

The sun streamed through a stained-glass window, falling on the floor in broken gleams of blue and scarlet.

Above, a wide breach in the wall suffered the natural white light of day to penetrate as far as the altar.

There were the remains of ancient and exquisite carving about the place, and one lamp was burning faintly in a niche, where a statue of the Virgin should have been.

In the charm of this strange temple Lalage had forgotten her lover—at least she was not thinking of him in that capacity.

His own appearance, the mournful cast of his beauty, accorded perfectly with the scene, and deprived him of modern personality.

He had gathered fresh roses for her, and she wore them again in her hair and at her belt.

He led her, with that sad, mysterious smile on his lips, straight up to the altar and pointed to the various marks and defacements left by the sieges which it had undergone.

He made graceful gestures in explanation, and she gathered enough of his meaning to learn that he no longer regarded it as a sacred edifice.

It was an interesting ruin, and therefore quite suitable for his ill-fated and carnal wooing.

He pointed to one of the dilapidated ecclesiastical chairs, and she sank into it, feeling as though she were living a hundred years ago.

She pictured to herself how often she would look back upon all this when she took her accustomed rôle in the United States. It was a luxurious and favored rôle enough, but, like all things earthly, it had its drawbacks.

She looked at the don as he stood near her, and thought of St. Sebastian.

She must leave this Mexican idyl, with its simple-minded, chivalric hero.

Well, she had a certain satisfaction out of the situation. She had been the first and only love of at least one true soul.

Suddenly he knelt before her, as if she had indeed been a saint.

day and return with you to the city this evening—unless, indeed, you are going to wait and meet the señora."

"What señora?" asked Beatrice, with a startled face.

"Why, the Señora Cortez, to be sure, wife of our host. She has been away at the Hot Springs for her health, and comes home tomorrow."

"What is she like?" cried Beatrice.

"She was one of the richest women in Mexico when he married her eight years ago."

"And we thought him such a guileless lamb," burst in Mr. Whetherell. "He never told us he was married."

Hammersmith turned to Lalage.

"But surely you knew of this, Mrs. Lemar. You speak and understand the language so perfectly."

She caught her breath with a little gasp, but answered:

"Why, certainly—of course—we talked of it frequently. Is it possible that I—forget to—to—mention it?"

The New York Gubernatorial Campaign.

THE State Convention of the Republicans of New York, which will meet at Saratoga on the 18th of September for the nomination of a candidate for Governor, will be one of the most important ever convened in this State. Upon its wisdom will depend not only the success or failure of the party in the coming canvass, but possibly also the result of the national contest in 1896. Unquestionably existing conditions are favorable to Republican hopes, but an unwise use of opportunities may bring disaster where now everything promises decisive victory.

There is plenty of good timber in the Republican forest, but so many persons have been put forward as candidates for gubernatorial honors that, were the office divisible so that all could have a share, one might have a fear that only stumps would be left after the nominating convention had finished its labors. Fifty are willing, but only one may be chosen. Who shall it be? One name in particular has found favor with the newspapers, and apparently with the managing politicians, for it more frequently appears in print, and in corridor and club gossip is more often mentioned, than any other—that of Mr. Levi P. Morton. It is insisted that he is hale and hearty, completely recovered from the malady which he went to Paris months ago to get cured of, and able, despite his three-score-and-ten years, to bear the physical hardships of a bitterly-contested campaign and a possible six years' tenure of office. On the other hand there is opposition to the ex-Vice-President in many quarters, and even within the walls of that club which all good and truly great Republicans are supposed to belong to. Some of these say that Mr. Morton is a courteous, well-appearing gentleman, advanced in years, with considerable tact and a well-filled purse, but that his ability is more in the line of money-making than statesmanship, and that he is not at all the man who ought to be advanced to the party leadership in a time like the present. Mr. Morton has had no apparent part in the canvass in his favor, but his formal declaration in a recent communication to the people shows that he will be quite willing to accept if called upon to do so.

Passing from Mr. Morton we find that the list of eligibles or possibilities among the would-be candidates is a long one. It includes such distinguished names as Whitelaw Reid, Chauncey M. Depew, Joseph H. Choate, Elihu Root, Cornelius N. Bliss, General Daniel Butterfield, ex-Secretary Benjamin F. Tracy, State Comptroller James A. Roberts, John Sabine Smith, William Brookfield, Ellis H. Roberts, Francis Hendricks, Congressman Ray of Chenango, Belden of Onondaga, and Chickering of Lewis, ex-Collector W. H. Robertson, J. Sleath Fassett, National Committeeman W. A. Sutherland, Mayor Green of Binghamton, Addison B. Colvin, Clarence Lexow, Speaker Malby, State Senator Charles T. Saxton, John H. Starin of Montgomery, Warner Miller, Henry Gleason, H. C. Buckus, C. W. Anderson, Mayor Schieren of Brooklyn, General Stewart L. Woodford, W. W. Goodrich, Charles A. Moore, Judge Charles Daniels of Erie, Secretary of State John Palmer, Representative Sereno E. Payne, W. H. Seward of Auburn, John Scatcherd and George Urban, both of Buffalo; General James W. Wadsworth, ex-Senator Frank Hiscock, ex-Member of Congress Henry Burleigh, Judge L. W. Russell of St. Lawrence, Judge Enoch L. Fancher of Orange, J. V. Baker, James Arkell, and Andrew H. White, ex-Minister to Russia.

State Comptroller James A. Roberts is making the most aggressive and open fight for the

nomination. Erie County, it is declared, is solid for him, and through the medium of the Legion Club of Brooklyn his boom recently received a metropolitan launching.

One of Mr. Depew's most intimate friends assured me that the New York Central president is not a candidate. He was told that the Governorship was the first step to the Presidency, but he refused to allow his name to be used, and said that he did not want the honor.

When we reach Joseph H. Choate's name we have what many believe to be a "probability." It would not surprise some who know the ins and outs of State politics to hear of Mr. Choate's candidacy being approved by the Union League and by his Republican colleagues of the Constitutional Convention. One objection often made with regard to Mr. Choate is that he is not well known outside of New York City; but his friends maintain that his presidency of the Constitutional Convention has been the means of making that objection illogical and unwarranted.

Almost invariably with Mr. Choate's name is associated that of Elihu Root. The same criticism is applied to his candidacy by his opponents, and the same answer given by his friends. Cornelius N. Bliss's friends say that he is not a candidate in the accepted sense of the term, but that he would take the nomination were it unanimously offered him. Charles T. Saxton, of Clyde, State Senator, was considered to be one of the "probables," but at present he is talked of more particularly for second place. The highest encomiums of Senator Saxton come from his political enemies. It is said that one of them, a Tammany man, in conversation with a friend, remarked: "There is one of the men we never have been able to influence nor buy."

General Tracy is stronger outside of Brooklyn than he is in it. But he would be an ideal candidate. Several men who otherwise would make admirable nominees are, like Fassett and Hendricks, identified, or are supposed to be, with factions, and this fact militates against their chances of success. Ex-Minister White, General Daniel Butterfield, and Mayor Schieren are put down as compromise candidates.

The politics of New York State and the drift of public opinion are being carefully watched by the leaders of other States. It is generally believed that the result in New York will overshadow the result of 1896. Who the nominee will be is problematic; but with the wrong man the result of the election will be doubtful.

The tide of feeling is running high against machines and bosses. The enmity to Mr. Platt, who is looked upon as a great factor in shaping the action of the convention, is no more bitter in New York City than it is in some of the country counties, and whether this enmity was justly or unjustly caused, whether it exists without reason or for very good reason, does not make a particle of difference—it just the same menaces Republican success.

With the right nominee, a man who will give to the office the dignity it ought to possess, the Republican party will succeed this fall, and the State will be carried in 1896, not improbably with a New Yorker on the ticket.

JOHN A. STEWART.

A Great Railway Manager Gone.

(Continued from page 166.)

rod-man, in the employ of the Cheshire (New Haven) Railroad, the next year becoming assistant engineer in charge of the construction of a branch of the Vermont Central. Afterward he had supervision of the terminal section of this road. When barely of age, in 1851, he laid out the extension of the Champlain and St. Lawrence Railroad, and in 1852 and 1853 surveyed the routes of railroads from Louisville to Cincinnati and from Saratoga to Seckett's Harbor, New York. From 1856 to 1865 he was engineer of maintenance of way of the Illinois Central Railway, during which term his management of his department did much to place that system upon the high plane of efficiency which it occupies to-day. In 1865 he accepted the presidency of the Cleveland and Toledo Railroad, now a part of the Lake Shore, but in 1869 he returned to his chosen profession as engineer and superintendent of the New York Central. In the same year, however, he was recalled to the Illinois Central road as vice-president, and in 1871 became its president. In 1875 he became general manager of the Lake Shore, and since 1883 he occupied the position of president and general manager. At the time of his death he was also president of the Pittsburgh, Lake Erie and Toledo, and the Ohio and Northern roads, lines which he raised to a high state of efficiency as feeders of the Lake Shore.

State Comptroller James A. Roberts is mak-

ing the most aggressive and open fight for the

Mr. Newell was an indefatigable worker, and it is doubtful if there was another railroad man in the country who had so thoroughly mastered all the mechanical details of the work of a great railway, from the survey of the route and the firing an engine to the administrative management which regulates its dealings with employees, with other roads, and with the public. President Newell was the Lake Shore road. He managed it in every particular, and even lived in his rolling office, his private car, for the greater part of the last ten years. But he paid the penalty of his tireless activity. He died at sixty-four years of age, not of disease, but of exhaustion of his physical powers. The break-up came when his car happened to be on the road, at Youngstown, Ohio.

Although a strict disciplinarian he was fair in his dealings to the men, and was generally liked by all his subordinates. In strikes, however, he was a general whose only terms were unconditional surrender, and his determined attitude in the troubles of 1883 and 1894 will be long remembered.

J. T. B.

A Memory of the War.

A WHISPERED word, an ardent glance,
An uniform of blue,
A sun-browned face, music—a dance,
A hand that held a soldier's lance—
No more of me you knew,

My love!

No more of me you knew.

The bugle call, the trampling march

To gain the battle plain—

I left thee by the trellised porch,

Beside the rose-tree's blooming arch

Never to meet again,

My love!

Never to meet again.

But in the pine woods where we lay

I saw thy pale, sweet face,

Thy dewy eyes of Southern gray,

Thy snowy bosom's fitful play

Beneath the fluttering lace,

My love!

Beneath the fluttering lace.

I've lived my life; long years have rolled

Through time's slow grinding mill;

But, luminous with the love of old,

By heart and home, on wave and wold,

The vision haunts me still,

My love!

The vision haunts me still.

PRIVATE WILL STOKES.

A Rocky Mountain Carnival.



A NOVELTY.

THE "Sunflower Carnival" recently held at Colorado Springs, Colorado, was probably the most unique fete ever witnessed at that delightful resort. A striking feature of the carnival was the presence of a band of fifty cowboys on their broncos, and twenty-seven Ute Indians from the southern Ute reservation.

In the parade these Indians appeared in full war-paint, headed by the famous chiefs, "Buckskin Charley" and "Severo," with squaws and puposes. The procession included police, a mounted troop, the fire department, an old "Forty-niner" prairie schooner, a six-horse coach from Cripple Creek, decorated with golden rod and "black-eyed Susans"; a four-hander, driven by Mr. T. G. Condon, of New York, decorated in green and yellow, with golden-rod and oats, yellow daisies, etc.; a Roman chariot, four horses abreast; several tandems and four-wheeled traps, the decorations of the latter consisting of poppies, pink and white pens, hollyhocks, dahlias, mountain-ash, wild clematis, knight's plume, smilax, and geraniums. Following the four-wheelers came phaetons, buggies, two-wheelers, pony carts, and floats by the score. Bringing up the rear of the two-mile procession came the saddle-horses, bearing the rider togged out as a Mexican to the one as a gentleman English hunter.

One of the most novel outfits in the carnival was driven by Mr. Frank O. Wood. It was called "A Russian Harvest Novelty." Three

thoroughbreds were driven abreast, with improvised floral wings, suggesting a Pegasus trio. It was a prize-winner. The drag was covered with wild oats and a small pink wild flower, with which the garb of the occupants blended perfectly. Behind this novelty came an East Indian *jinrikisha*, drawn by two boys in Japanese costume.

After the parade an exhibition of Indian and cowboy riding was given, and in the evening a war-dance by the Utes. The prizes numbered fully fifty, ranging from a Mexican saddle to the daintiest silver trinkets.

HENRY RUSSELL WRAY.

The Forest Fires in the Northwest.

THE terrible devastations by forest fires in Minnesota, Wisconsin, and Michigan, with their appalling loss of life, constitute a chapter in the history of the Northwest which has seldom if ever been matched in pathos and ghastliness. At this writing an accurate statement of the losses of life and property is impossible, owing to the isolation of many of the devastated districts, but it is already known that some four hundred persons were burned to death and property valued at ten million dollars consumed in Minnesota alone, while in northern Wisconsin the losses so far reported are so great as to justify the fear that in all five hundred or six hundred lives have been lost. The towns either wholly or partially destroyed were Pokegama, Hinckley, Sandstone, Mission Creek, Rutledge, Mansfield and Mile Lakes, in Minnesota; Bayshaw, Barrette, Benoit, Cartwright, Fifield, Granite Lake, Grantsburg, Glidden, Marengo, Muscado, Shell Lake, South Range, Poplar, Spencer, Highbridge, Ashland Junction and Washburn, in Wisconsin; Ewen and Trout Creek, in Michigan.

The heaviest loss was at Hinckley, a town of from one thousand to twelve hundred population, seventy-five miles from St. Paul. Forest and peat fires had been raging for some weeks in the vicinity, but no apprehension had been felt by the inhabitants. Suddenly, on the afternoon of the 1st instant, the wind changed and the flames swept down upon the town.

"As the alarm rang through the streets," we quote the press account, "the people rushed from their homes, and catching sight of the red, nourishing sea of fire, became panic-stricken. The fire shot across the town, and the people fled in all directions. They ran wherever they thought they could find refuge. A large number ran to a pond, some three or four acres in extent and three or four feet deep. Women and children ran side by side with cattle into the pond and crowded close to the water, for the smoke hung low and the flames were dangerously close. The largest crowd of people rushed to Grindstone River, a small, shallow stream, which it was thought would afford protection from the flames. But the water was too low, and all miserably perished. There the relief parties found the bodies lying in the water, and rudely trampled by the flying cattle. Others sought refuge in a swamp, where they poured water over each other to arrest the flames. Just as the flames were raging fiercest, a train arrived over the Eastern Minnesota, and five hundred people clambered aboard and were saved.

"Another party had rushed for the limited train on the St. Paul and Duluth, but as the fire cut off their way in that direction they ran to a shallow pond near by. There, like rats in a trap, they perished one and all. One hundred and five bodies were removed from the miserable pond by the relief committee, where they had been literally roasted to death. There was absolutely no escape. In escaping from the fire the limited train had a terrible experience, running for miles through a sea of flame, the coaches on fire.

"A lake was finally reached, where sixty women, children and men found refuge in the shallow water and dirty mud, the women walking out in the water until it reached their waists. With their hands they bathed their burned faces in mud and water. Many of them were seriously burned on the train. Many lay in the mud, covering themselves with it, and as often as this became baked a fresh coat had to be added. Many on leaving the train rushed off toward a marsh, and others ran further along the track. Many women had their clothes partially burned and torn from their bodies."

The scenes here described are typical of scores of others equally horrible in other parts of the devastated districts. Such a harvest of death has not been gathered in all that region since the fires in the Michigan pines in 1871.



STEWART L. WOODFORD.

WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

GEORGE H. MALBY.

CHARLES T. SAXTON.



ELIHU ROOT.

W. A. SUTHERLAND.

JAMES A. ROBERTS.

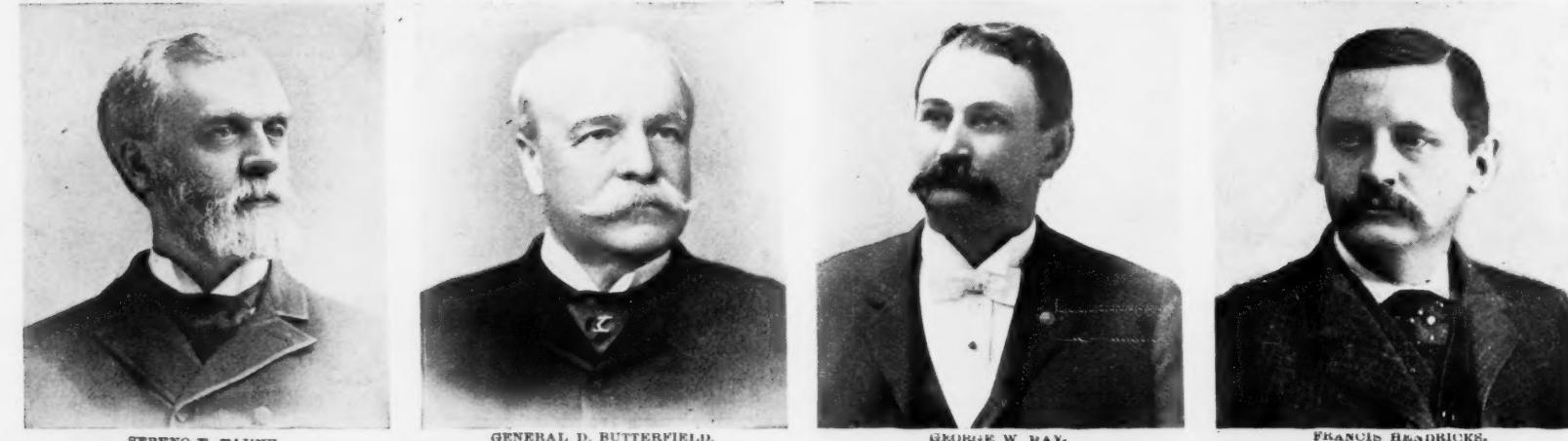
CORNELIUS N. BLISS.



LEVI P. MORTON.

JOSEPH H. CHOATE.

BENJAMIN F. TRACY.



SERENO E. PAYNE.

GENERAL D. BUTTERFIELD.

GEORGE W. MAY.

FRANCIS HENDRICKS.



JAMES ARKELL.

WILLIAM W. GOODRICH.

J. SLOAT FASSETT.

JOHN H. STARIN.

GUBERNATORIAL POSSIBILITIES IN NEW YORK.

MEN TALKED ABOUT IN CONNECTION WITH THE REPUBLICAN NOMINATION FOR GOVERNOR.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 169]
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ON THE WAY TO A LUNCH-PARTY ON THE CRUISER "CHICAGO."



THE "ATALANTA."



MR. AND MRS. GOULD ON THE DECK OF THE "ATALANTA."



A FAMILY GROUP.



THE DORMERS, THE GOULD RESIDENCE AT COWES.

THE GOULD FAMILY ABROAD.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN ON BOARD THE STEAM YACHT "ATALANTA" BY OUR SPECIAL REPRESENTATIVE.—(SEE PAGE 177.)
Copyrighted by the Arkell Weekly Company.

POLICE CORRUPTION IN NEW YORK CITY.

(Continued from page 167.)

Patrick, and District-leader John J. Ryan, and a host of go-betweens and minor lights in Tammany who were interested in police plunder. Then there were no less than one police commissioner, two inspectors, and sixteen captains, out of thirty-seven in the department, accused of blackmail and other grave crimes. "Ward men," otherwise known as precinct detectives, were accused by the score, and it was proved that you can secure a protection for any kind of vice and crime, except those against person and property, if you will only "arrange" for it with the police.

At the outset it was a matter of regret that the witnesses were self-confessed law-breakers; later the witnesses were men of standing in the community, and there could be no doubt that they were telling the truth. Soon after the law-breakers began to testify it was seen that they were truthful, for they all told the same story of tariffs in police extortion, and there could be no possibility of collusion. In all there were one hundred and forty-three witnesses examined in this second session of the committee, some of them several times, and the résumé that follows will tell something of what they said.

Gideon Granger was the first witness. He was the son-in-law of Police Commissioner McClave, whose daughter recently secured a di-



GEORGE APPO, "GREEN-GOODS" STEERER.

vorce. Granger was accused of forgery by McClave, and his testimony was therefore under a cloud. He swore that he had been a sort of broker for McClave, and produced a memorandum-book with entries showing the sums he had collected and paid to McClave for certain appointments of patrolmen at an average of three hundred dollars each. He gave the names and instances, and even testified that Patrolman Joseph Cohen paid five hundred dollars, of which thirty dollars went to the "doctor's room" for passing Cohen, who was half an inch under the required height, for a place on the force. Granger said that he had secured the appointment of citizens of other communities on the force, and also that a man from New Jersey paid for and obtained a place from McClave. Granger also told of O'Kelly, the Eighth Avenue shoemaker, who was, he said, a broker in corrupt police appointments, and said that certain checks which McClave had received were for this illegal traffic.



LAWYER SUTHERLAND.

McClave went on the stand and denounced Granger with a great show of righteous wrath which finally developed into hysteria. He said Granger was a rascal and guilty of other crimes, and his counsel introduced evidence later to go to prove it. McClave wept and stormed when talking of his domestic troubles, and there was a considerable show of sympathy for him in the community at this time. When asked to explain his wealth McClave went to pieces. One

entry in his bank-book of \$3,333.33 about the time that a certain police captain was appointed, and supposed to be McClave's share of ten thousand dollars paid by the captain to "somebody," he could not explain at all. He even could not remember anything about such a peculiar deposit in the bank. Neither could he explain satisfactorily his great increase in wealth after he became a police commissioner. He said that he made one hundred thousand dollars in one year in his lumber business, but the books to prove this assertion were destroyed in a fire in his yard.

Granger ran away while McClave was testifying, and McClave broke down from nervous prostration, and subsequently resigned his office. Granger finally came back under promise of protection by the committee and finished his testimony, but failed to clear up the serious accusations against him. During McClave's testimony there came one of the best bits of humor of the session. Patrick J. Ryan, of Brooklyn, took the stand temporarily to testify of an assault that the famous Sergeant McCarton had made on him as an inoffensive citizen. Ryan was asked if he was a Democrat. He replied:

"Sure I am a Democrat, a good one. I went down on my knees in Brooklyn to pray that I might live to see another Democratic administration in Washington. Now I pray my Father in heaven to forgive me, for I knew not what I done."

Then there came a long line of bungo keepers through the committee-room. Rhoda Sanford swore that she paid five hundred dollars initiation fee for protection, and fifty dollars a month, and also gave five hundred dollars to a political organization, but which one she did not say. She was finally driven out of business. Kate Schubert swore that she paid five hundred dollars to Captains Cross and McLaughlin personally, and in small bills. Then came Augusta Thorow and her dealings with Roesch, then a Senator. She saw Roesch in his office and complained that the police were dipping too heavily into her profits, and she said that Roesch said he would call off the police for one hundred dollars. Her husband took the money to Roesch at a Tammany club



A RIVINGTON STREET CONCERT HALL KEEPER.

to which both men belonged, and paid it there to Roesch. The ward men bothered her less after that, but she was arrested often, and by paying the sergeant secured false bail for herself and her girls. She was finally driven out because her girls solicited a captain from the street, and because she could not raise one thousand dollars to pay for this serious offense.

Mrs. Thorow's husband corroborated all she said, and then Roesch demanded to be heard in vindication. He got such a vindication as he never dreamed of. Mr. Goff, the relentless prosecutor of the committee, simply tortured him, and Roesch, the Tammany leader and civil justice, went away badly smirched. It was shown that he was counsel for a whole row of disorderly houses, and that for the one hundred dollars he received from Mrs. Thorow for legal services, as he explained it, he had never done a single service as a lawyer, not even drawing a single paper. Roesch went away a badly discredited man in the community.

Then there was Lena Cohen, who had paid her five hundred dollars down to the police, and had mortgaged all she had in the world to do it, and finally landed in jail because every cent she raised or borrowed had been taken from her, and then had nothing left but a miserable calico gown to her back. Her story was so pathetic

and so truthful on its face that she secured her release from the Tombs forthwith. It was a pitiable story of police persecution.

After that Henry Hoffman told how ex-Assemblyman Philip Wissig, he of the foul mouth as displayed in the Assembly chamber at Albany, had secured a reduction in his police charges, and then there came a story of half a dozen bungo men who made game of men seeking places as policemen, robbing them on every sort of pretext, and even going so far as to pernicious them in civil-service examinations. One



HARRY HILL.

of these swindled men, Morris Jacobs, told how Tammany Leader John J. Ryan had made a speech to the Tammany men of his political district just before the last election, saying:

"Boys, next Tuesday is election day. We must roll up as large a majority as possible."

Then Jacobs swore that Ryan said he would have any policeman sent to any polling-place that the workers might suggest. Then Mrs. Henning, Carl Werner, and others testified that they had paid the customary five hundred dollars.

Finally came one of the most sensational bits of testimony in the whole session. It furnished the word "Pantata" to the community. The president of the Bohemian Liquor Dealers' Association swore that the society paid one hundred dollars a month for keeping open on Sunday, and that those of the Bohemians who did not belong to the association were blackmailed heavily by the police. The minutes of the association showed that the assessment was paid regularly every month, and the president swore that he and the secretary went together and paid the money to the ward man. The police increased their assessment once, and Tom Dunn, a Tammany leader, secured a reduction for them.

The testimony that produced the most profound impression at the time of its delivery was that of George Appo, the green-goods steerer. He declared that New York was the only city in the country where protection was given by the police to this outrageous form of swindling. He revealed to the fullest depths the extent and methods of this class of criminals. He explained that first there came the "backer," the capitalist in the business; then there were the "writers," the men who send out the decoy letters; the



DETECTIVE DENNETT, KNOWN AS PARKHURST'S "ANGEL."

swindled, and that also citizens of New York should be exempt. When a man who had been swindled complained to the police they would send a "tip" around to the bungo men, who would transform the place so that the victim could not recognize it again, and then the police would suggest that the victim get out of town as soon as possible, and save himself from forcible detention or possible arrest, after which the police would demand at least one-half of the "swag." They finally came to demand it all, and that broke up the business. It did not matter whether the victim complained or not; the police had men on the watch, and it was impossible to go on. The police were too greedy. The bungo gang used to spend from three hundred dollars to five hundred dollars a night in Divver's saloon, and they frequently made two thousand, five hundred dollars in a single day. Divver is still on the police bench, and it is worth remembering that it was some of his political subordinates who were sent to State's prison last winter for ballot-box stuffing, and that at election time Divver is said to have made promises of reward to those of his workers in that district who should make the best showing for Tammany.

Then came the last week of the investigation, and it was devoted almost exclusively to the revelation of police blackmail on reputable merchants for the use of sidewalks in business hours. The amount usually was twenty-five dollars per year. It was either deposited somewhere for the ward man, or collected by him from the merchants in question.

Agents of the steamship companies swore



A HESTER STREET "MADAM."

that they had to pay extra for protection to their property, and Mr. John Howard Sweetser, the head of the large dry-goods firm, testified that he paid the policeman on the beat of his establishment. Mr. Sweetser said he regarded such payments as a reward for extra vigilance.

Then came Ryan, Patrick Ryan, the packing-box man, who thought it a joke when his check-book showed evidence of payments to the police. It wasn't such a funny matter before Mr. Goff got through with him and it was brought out that one of his checks for one hundred dollars was for Captain Stephenson, and that another for fifty dollars was for Ward Man Kelly, who is missing now.

There was also a good deal of testimony showing that the police were interested in the sale of Hollywood whisky, and that other brands were frozen out of saloons under police protection. On June 26th, Builder Edward Fitzpatrick was on the stand. He said that the police demanded two hundred and fifty dollars for every sidewalk bridge put up during the erection of a building, but that he had always refused to pay it, and that time and time again his men had been arrested for obstructing the sidewalk. He said that the police told him that the only other builder who refused to pay this exaction was David King, Jr., and the epithets applied to Mr. King by the police were not very complimentary.

One of the most interesting incidents was the appearance of famous old Harry Hill on the stand. He had a grudge against Captain Murphy, who, he said, had driven him out of New York because he would no longer submit to being blackmailed. Then, too, there were numerous witnesses from the "Tenderloin," and some of them refused to admit that they had paid anything for police protection, and others reluctantly told the truth. One of them was sworn on a Protestant Bible and soon acknowledged that she did not regard an oath on such a Bible as binding; but when she was sworn on a Catholic Bible her testimony did not improve to any noticeable extent. One of these women was particularly interesting. She was Ada Clinton, housekeeper for Addie Shaw, who had mysteriously disappeared, and who was one of the best-known women in the "Tenderloin." The Clinton woman acknowledged that their place had been raided and that she had been arrested. She had never paid any money to the police, and she regarded the arrest as an outrage. She said that she was willing to make charges against the police for false arrest, and Mr. Goff sent her right up to police headquarters to make complaint. She repented before she got there, and came back and told the truth. It was the same old story that all the keepers of disorderly houses had told.

To the Rev. Dr. Parkhurst undoubtedly is due the credit of uncovering this amazing corruption. Abuse of Dr. Parkhurst in the public prints has ceased. It is fair to say that now he is regarded generally as foremost among the distinguished citizens of New York.

No one can say what the future will bring forth at the next session. There is one man, however, upon whose political fortunes this investigation will have a marked effect. He is Roswell P. Flower. Should he be the candidate of his party again for Governor it will be his duty and his task to explain why it was that he vetoed the appropriation to pay for the committee's expenses during the investigation.

FRANKLIN MATTHEWS.

The Goulds Abroad.

THE efforts of Mr. George Gould, the owner of the *Vigilant*, to maintain the prestige of American yachts in international competitions are heartily appreciated by the great body of right-thinking Americans. A few mean-spirited persons have sought, indeed, to detract from the honor he has fairly earned by insinuating that he really cares nothing for genuine sport; that his only purpose in going abroad with the *Vigilant* was to "get into society"; but there is nothing to justify this uncharitable opinion, and those who entertain it have damaged only themselves by expressing it. Mr. Gould has carried himself throughout with a dignity becoming his representative character, displaying, even when exposed to unfair treatment, the spirit and manners of an American gentleman. While he has, undoubtedly, been disappointed in the performances of the *Vigilant*, he has managed to get a good deal of enjoyment out of his English visit, and this has not been diminished by the fact that he has shared his pleasures with his family. Mr. Gould is eminently a domestic man, and much of his time abroad has been spent with his wife and children on the *Atlanta* and the *Vigilant*. We give on another page a number of pictures of the family, from photographs by

our special representative, which we are quite sure will be found of interest by all our readers.

THE AMATEUR AT FIELD.

THE NEWPORT TENNIS TOURNAMENT.

THE great Newport tournament has been finished. Great Britain and America were pitted against each other in the finals, and Wrenn, our sturdy champion, has upheld the honors of America in handsome style. Nothing but the sturdy pluck and skillful play of this young man lay between the gaining of our highest championship by the contestant from over the water, who is considered not better than tenth among the best players of England.

While it was easier for Wrenn to retain the championship than it was for Goodbody to meet our best players one after the other, still no praise should be withheld from our champion, who at the trying moment displayed all the skill that is generally expected of the champion holder.

The tournament attracted, from first to last, extraordinary crowds of spectators. It is easy to account for this unusual interest. The presence of Mr. Goodbody, our visitor from across the water, was undoubtedly the chief cause of the enthusiasm. An element of international competition had been added to the contests, and as Goodbody continued on his victorious career, disastrous to our American pride, the habitues of the court eagerly hoped that some native player would arise to prevent the humiliation of seeing the first place in the national tournament carried away by a foreigner. That is not to say that this patriotic feeling ran away with the sportsmanlike desire to see the best man win. By no means. As the Irish player shook hands over the net first with Hovey and then with Hobart after his splendid victories, the applause that rolled down from the grand-stand was just as hearty and just as sincere as if the American player had won. Goodbody has no reason to complain of the reception accorded him by American spectators.

Another reason for the centre of attraction settling upon Goodbody was the fact that he had the hardest matches to play. Read, the first man in the semi-finals, while a clever player in his class, won his place by a series of fortunate circumstances. Chace had only four very inferior men to beat to reach that round, and Larned had practically only Neel and Stevens to defeat in order to meet Chace. Thus the hardest task, that of winning from Hovey and Hobart, fell to the lot of the Irish visitor. His previous appearances in this country have been commented upon so fully that it is unnecessary to speak of his general game very fully at this time.

But the tournament has shown up a few points in his play which have not either been noticeable in his game or have not been generally mentioned. His previous defeats, twice at the hands of Larned and once by Wrenn, Chace, and Howland, led the majority of people to imagine that he would not be very prominent at Newport. But the knowing ones shook their heads and said, "Wait a bit. He has not played his game yet." And so it turned out.

At Longwood, Southampton, and Norwood Park, while he did not play a back-court game exclusively, still his net-work was considered the weakest part of his play. But at Newport he opposed the smashing powers of Hovey and Hobart by some very clever volleying on his own part. He adopted net tactics on them with great success, rarely smashing, for that is not his forte, but volleying with great strength and accuracy.

But there is one point about his play above all others in which he is superior to our cracks, which they could well imitate. That is his handling of comparatively easy chances. It is probably not assuming too much to say that in one set he will not make on the average more than two inexcusable errors. He drives out and into the net, of course, but very, very rarely on such chances, for instance, as his first return of a second service or his volleying of a short lob. Who of our American cracks does not make these mistakes repeatedly? They are too anxious to end the rally by one brilliant stroke rather than to play it out until they have their opponent out of position.

In a match between evenly matched players the man who makes these careless shots is practically giving his opponent a handicap. Our players would not expect to beat Goodbody if they gave him, say, half-fifteen, and yet that is practically what it amounts to. His nerve and steadiness at particularly trying moments are personal qualities, but his careful playing of every shot, no matter how simple, is a characteristic of

the British game which accounts in some degree for the superiority of our cousins across the water.

It is a good tennis education for a man to sit in some high spot, as the top row of the grandstand, from which he can look down upon the court and watch the succession of strokes by which Goodbody makes the point or gains the net. He does not try to do it ordinarily in one or two strokes, unless his opponent gives him unexpectedly the chance. A long shot down the side-line to his opponent's fore-hand will be followed by a cross-court to the back-hand. Then perhaps a short cut stroke over the net, and then a pretty lob to the base-line will bring him in safety to the net with his opponent unsteady and out of position.

A diagram of his strokes to the different parts of the court would show better than anything the masterly planning of his campaign. He apparently never makes a purposeless stroke, but, like a chess-player, maps out his plays ahead. Of our American players, Wrenn is probably the best example of a careful planner of his strokes, but his placing is not quite as accurate as that of the Irishman.

So much space has been given to Goodbody in this short article because his showing was really the main feature of the tournament up to the semi-finals. The vicissitudes of tennis were never better shown than when W. Gordon Parker, the promising young player, after his defeat of John Howland was beaten by S. G. Thomson, and then two days afterward proceeded to beat Thomson in three straight sets for the interscholastic championship. The defeat of Richard Stevens by Larned gave another severe blow to the antiquated back-court game of which Stevens is such an earnest devotee, and Larned's win over Neel showed that the Western player puts up a game which can baffle a good man without being able to defeat him.

We may well felicitate ourselves that we have held the championship against the player whose work is so admirable and so interesting as we have herein shown it to be.

John D. Merrill.

A Busy Season.

[FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]

BERLIN, August 20th, 1894.

THIS has been a good harvest for the "Palast Hotel." Since a year since its opening, and it is already well and favorably known far beyond the boundaries of Europe; in fact, the register shows that it has lodged two hundred and forty Americans this season. Such good fortune is not due merely to chance, and the reason is not far to seek.

Unlike its competitors, and with but few equals, it was built on a scene involving extraordinary sums. Its appointments exceed in splendor and artistic design anything to be found in England, and comparable to the best in Paris. But its location is perhaps one of the chief attractions. Looking out from the balcony on an open square, you are reminded of the Place de l'Opera, in Paris, or Madison Square in New York, on a busy day. Grand buildings are all around you, and the picturesque Potsdamer station is in the distance across, while some of the streets, as wide as avenues, shaded by tall elms, converge into this square. But a few steps across the scrupulously clean street and you can board a number of street-cars and buses, which will take you to any part of the city for five cents.

From this square, and for a long distance to the right, is the Western, or aristocratic quarter, and as a rule only the smartest and best people of Berlin circulate about here. This, and the exceptional comforts of the house, together with the cuisine, which has earned an enviable reputation throughout Europe, and the choice wines which the management buys from the growers direct, are inducements indeed for travelers, and especially Americans, to select this hotel as one among the first of their choice when coming to this city.

C. F. D.

OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

CONDUCTED BY SAM LOYD.

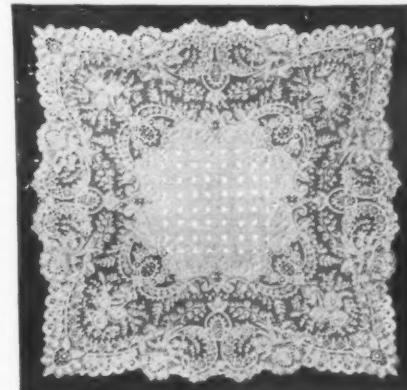
Our Lady's Kerchief.

A Marvelous Prize Puzzle.

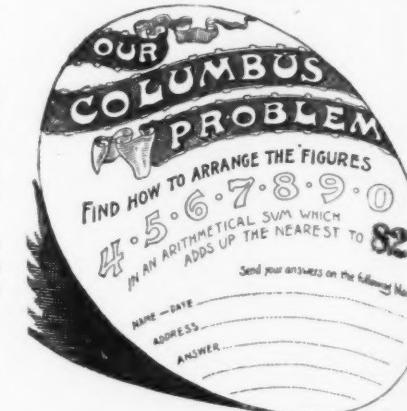
With the point of a pencil, start from any one of the square cells between four stars, pass with one continuous line through all of the forty-nine squares, and back to the original cell. No one cell must be gone through oftener than another.

If that problem is too easy, here is a sec-

ond one: Start with the point of a pencil from any one of the little stars, and, stepping from one to another, see in how few steps they can all be marked off, making the least possible



number of angles. The sixty-four stars must all be passed over, but there is no restriction regarding going over some oftener than others. Five dollars is offered for the best answers to either of these propositions received before September 20th, and the lace kerchief, worth \$250, for a correct solution to both. Answers should be addressed to Samuel Loyd, Puzzle Editor, care of LESLIE'S WEEKLY, New York.



The above mathematical wonder is creating a furor among students and lovers of arithmetic. Like its famous companion-piece, the "14-15 puzzle," it is so easy that every one can do it, but somehow or other, they always forget the answer. In proof of which, ten dollars is offered for the best answer received.

The object is to arrange the figures, employing them all, in any arithmetical sum which will add up to the nearest to 82. No signs or methods must be employed which imply multiplication, subtraction or division. The answer must be produced by one addition.

The author says he calls it the Columbus Problem, out of respect to the great navigator, who made some pertinent remarks about how easy it is to stand eggs up on end after you have been shown how.

Legend of a Boarding-house Pie.

[BY A VERY BAD LITTLE BOY.]



[PROLOGUE].—The walking delegates of the Boarders' Protective Alliance, having found that Article No. 703, which governs the portioning of pie, was not violated at Madame O'Flaherty's *Pension Francais*, have declared the boycott removed. Those most interested, however, are intensely anxious for a solution to the following problem:

"How many pieces can a pie be divided into with six straight cuts of a knife?"

Do You Have Asthma?

If you do, you will be glad to hear that the Kola plant, found on the Congo River, West Africa, is reported a positive cure for the disease. The Kola Importing Company, 1164 Broadway, New York, have such faith in this new discovery that they are sending out free, by mail, large trial cases of Kola Compound to all sufferers from asthma who send their name and address on a postal-card. Write to them.*

Stairways in the Criminal Courts.

THE depth to which government in the greatest city of the Union has sunk under Tammany misrule and civic apathy may be measured by great public works. Park commissioners have to be bullied into the first principles of their duty to the public; only at this late hour have they suddenly agreed to employ a landscape architect as part of the necessary expert management of the Speedway. The criminal courts building on Centre Street, now a part of the Tombs, proclaims from afar the employment of wretched architects on the doubtful plea of "lowest bids." But it is when one enters this dull yet pretentious pile that the full iniquity of the affair stands revealed.

On Elm Street there is a granite advanced portal, encroaching on the sidewalk and rising to a balcony at the third story; its front is carved with conventional commonplace eagles, above niches too shallow to receive statues. Passing the sliding gates of forged iron (which are not the product of our able iron-workers) one enters a hall clogged with the stair shown in our illustration. The grayish-black polished marble which clothes this hall is not bad in itself but is very stupidly connected with the white upper walls. The winged sphinxes are stiff, and lack their hinder parts; the ball under their right forepaws is meaningless. They are copied from some third-rate foreign source, which has neither the grace, nor the dignity, nor the majesty of this peculiar symbol from Egypt. The bronze lamps rising from the square newel-posts of bronze behind the sphinxes are worried and pretentious in design. Their bases are contorted, their shafts are fasces bound by ribbons; on the glass globes are smaller bronze spheres carrying as ordinary a pair of eagles as one may see on a cheap clock. The bronze balusters and rails are triumphs of poor bronze work and silly design, stolen, one may fancy, from the cheapest modern German articles. The uprights carrying the hand-rail are very ugly, conventionalized torches, on whose bronze flames the rail rests. Bad taste, one might swear, could no further go; but there is worse in the penetralia of this misbegotten edifice.

The grand feature of the building is a big central hall on the second floor, to which access is had from Centre Street by two broad, fairly imposing, successive flights of stairs. Standing on its tessellated pavement one can look back and down to the street. Looking west, the hall is square, lit from above by a wide skylight of light-tinted glass, in which the designs, however, are commonplace and repeat themselves (seals of justice and classic lamp), and surrounded by tiers of corridors representing the various upper floors. These gallery corridors are alternately flat-lintelled and arched above between the supports. Where they are arched the spandrels between the arches are set with bust caryatids of a flagrantly, repulsively vulgar type, all alike, all with oval escutcheons before their breasts. This hall is of white marble.

To the right and left, that is, to the north and south, access is had to the galleries by a broad, short stair, dividing into two longer flights. Our second illustration shows one of these stairs, the landing-place, and portions of the two diverging stairs right and left. It also shows four of the marble caryatids in the spandrels mentioned.

The bronze sphinxes are here repeated, and can be seen in profile in all their stupidity. Also the same columnar lamps, which proudly bear the inscription, "Mitchell Vance Company." It is to be hoped that this company is not guilty of the depraved art in bronze on the landing, consisting of a nude youth with flattened Dantie features, who raises one hand upward as if in terrible warning against worse horrors in the galleries above.

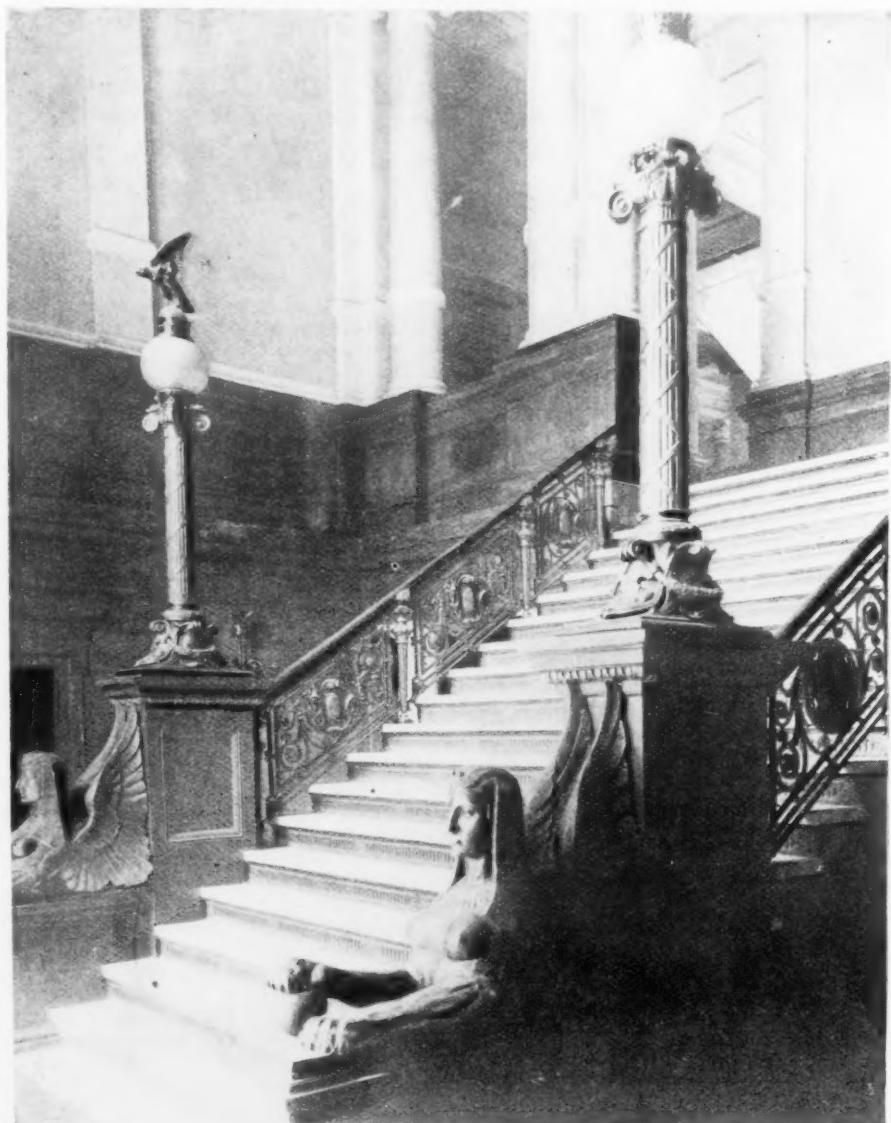
For bad drawing, bad modeling, bad bronze casting, bad metal, and inane symbolism these figures (there are two) are easily the gems of the criminal courts. It may be that the intention was to impress criminals with the uselessness of striving to exist longer in a city capable of accepting such atrocities. After seeing them, the barest dungeon known to Silvio Pellico may well seem a relief. The possibility of looking upon them again may well deprive the most hardened Baron von der Trenck of any desire to break his prison walls. Their heads are almost in the round; their bodies and legs are curiously, horribly flattened, like the standing corpses in the charnel-house on the Grand St. Bernard; their arms, though partly disengaged, are rough and hollow behind. Drapery pops forward over their middle parts and clings there in a ghastly fashion that is both grawsome and innocent.

Just now our expectorating fellow-citizens are accommodated with two old boxes which have been planted at the feet of these nightmares. The boxes bear in large letters "Babbitt's Soap." The first impression one has on setting foot on the fair white stair is peculiar. It suggests the entrances to some gorgeous Turkish bath. The figures

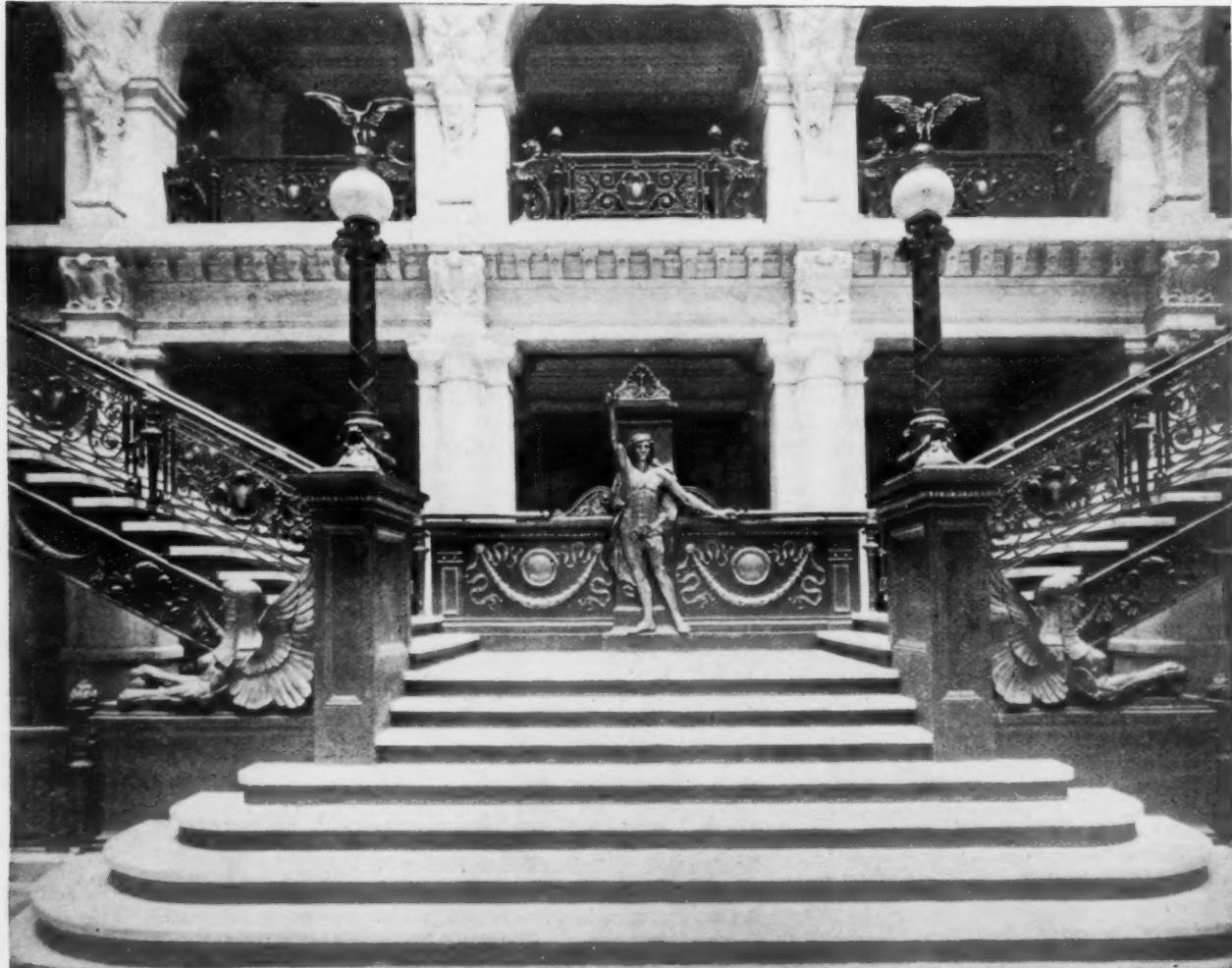
are geniuses of cleanliness standing there in a menacing attitude as a warning to the Great Unwashed. Each figure clutches in his left hand some object which may well be a chunk of soap, and points to the court-rooms above—so many ante-chambers, as it were, to the dreaded Tombs, where not only the prison cell awaits the convicted ruffian, but, horror of horrors, a bath!

How the Mountain Came to Mahomet.

In my reading, one spring day, I came across the suggestion made by an English author-naturalist, that it was a good thing to carry opera-glasses when on a tramp through field or wood, in order to see the movements of animals, birds, and insects, which would be disturbed in their freedom of action by the too close approach of a mortal. The idea was so practical, and spring



THE NEW CRIMINAL COURTS BUILDING, CENTRE STREET, NEW YORK CITY—STAIR AT ELM STREET ENTRANCE.



THE NEW CRIMINAL COURTS BUILDING, CENTRE STREET, NEW YORK CITY—STAIRS IN MAIN HALL.

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fever was so prevalent that day, that I got my very excellent pair of glasses and resumed my comfortable seat upon the porch, mentally thanking the naturalist for a suggestion enabling me to observe what was going on about without going about to observe.

Lying back in a rocking-chair, I enjoyed the veritable sensation that must have been experienced by Mahomet when the mountain approached him, and I came to the conclusion that opera-glasses must have been in vogue in his time.

The gray church came across the lawn and street to stand before me. A pair of flickers were quietly breakfasting upon the perpendicular spread of stone, selecting their choice of insects harbored there with as much deliberation as if sticking to an upright wall was nothing out of the ordinary. One tapped at a crevice in the mortar for quite a while, striking rapid blows with its beak, such as no human nose would venture. The miner loosened a small section of the mortar, tumbled it to the ground, secured from within the recess the food it was after, then the pair flew off to a neighboring tree to have a congratulatory chat and bob about it. Here was ruin started in the masonry—a breach where rain and frost could make assault—and the thought arose whether birds of their kind in search of food did not often start the crumbling of mighty edifices.

A movement of the glasses, and a Hickory tree came to stick its bobbin-shaped buds with outer cases folded backward, within the range of easy seeing. An orchard oriole, feathered with gold, was glorying in the glutinous honey that exudes from the buds, and, swinging lightly as it moved around them, was wedging its bill between each fold of petals. While the oriole thus searched for food, was it helping the bud to spread?

An exquisitely dressed warbler, tiny and graceful, sat trilling his notes within the yard. He was so small that his after-maneuvrings (Continued on page 176.)



THE ARMY OF JAPAN—CONSTRUCTION OF A PONTOON BRIDGE ACROSS THE TONEGAWA.
L'Illustration.



ENTRANCE TO PEKING, THE CAPITAL OF CHINA, FROM CHINESE TARTARY.
Illustrated London News.



THE SHIKAN-GAKKO, MILITARY SCHOOL OF THE THREE ARMS, AT TOKIO.—*L'Illustration.*



THE CHOLERA IN RUSSIA—PUBLIC PRAYERS IN FRONT OF THE KAZAN CATHEDRAL, ST. PETERSBURG, FOR CESSION OF THE EPIDEMIC.—*L'Illustration.*



THE JAPANESE ARMY—COMPANY OF TSCHINTAIS (ENGINEERS).—*L'Illustration.*



ON A WHARF AT SHANGAI, A CHINESE TREATY PORT.—*Illustrated London News.*

How the Mountain Came to Mahomet.

(Continued from page 174.)

among the freshly-opened oak buds could not have been observed without the aid of the helping glass. The sticky buds had captured insects for him in the night, and now he was visiting his nature-set traps to feed most gratifyingly on their victims.

A robin drew an earth-worm partly from its hole until, stretching backward, he measured his full height with it; then, letting go for shorter hold, he stood wondering comically what rubber thing he had taken hold of, as it snapped back and disappeared in its earthly retreat again.

On a root of a beech-tree a chipmunk scolded a flock of intruding sparrows picking on his territory; at last, angered beyond control, he dashed among and put them ignominiously to flight.

A mud-wasp came with a moistened pellet of clay, and builded on its nest against the window lintel. In color his waspship was as tempered steel, and his body seemed quite as flexible. Its nervous movements made me wish it further off. I lowered my glass, and presto! I had no cause to run; it was at the porch's furthest end. A capital plan to get away from an enemy without running!

So, for attack or retreat where wild life abounds, there is nothing comparable to an opera-glass; for things not given to coming to one at a call will come at a look.

CHARLES MCILVAINE.

THE SAME, BUT DIFFERENT.
When men have had a falling out,
And make it up again,

They smoke the pipe of peace and shoot,
To show their joy and pain.

When women have been quarreling,
And shines again fair weather.
Arms 'round each other's necks they fling
And have a cry together.

GEORGE BENDSEYE in *Judge*.

A VALUABLE RECIPE.

"How can I destroy the odor of fresh paint in my room?" wrote the subscriber.

"Keep your fresh paint in the cellar," replied the horse editor, who was doing the information column that week.—*Judge*.

ACCEPTED THE TERMS.

CUSTOMER—"How are things going at the auction?"

Auctioneer—"Oh, for little or nothing."

Customer—"Well, you may knock that sideboard down to me for nothing."—*Judge*.

ANSWERED THE PURPOSE.

THE woman whistled to stop the car
And it stopped short as she bid it;

But it wasn't the whistle, but more by far
The face that she made, that did it.

—*Judge*.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhea. Sold by druggists in every part of the world; twenty-five cents a bottle.

BRAIN fatigue from wear and tear
Speedily relieved by Bromo-Seltzer.

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"SUMMER Excursions with Routes and Rates," with numerous maps and illustrations and lists of summer hotels along the Hudson, among the Catskills, at Saratoga, Lake George, etc., may be obtained of H. B. Jago, General Eastern Passenger Agent, No. 363 Broadway, New York City.

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The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets from all ticket stations on its line east of the Ohio River, for all trains September 6th to 10th valid for return passage on all trains until September 25th, inclusive, at one fare for the round trip. For more detailed information write to C. P. Craig, General Eastern Passenger Agent, Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, New York, N. Y.

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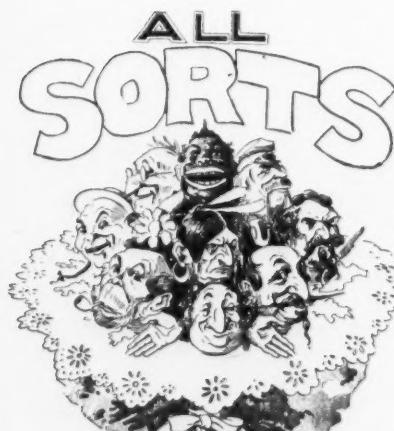
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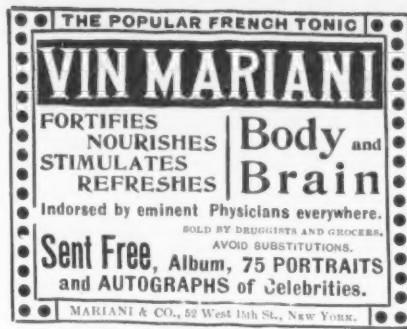
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—Judge.

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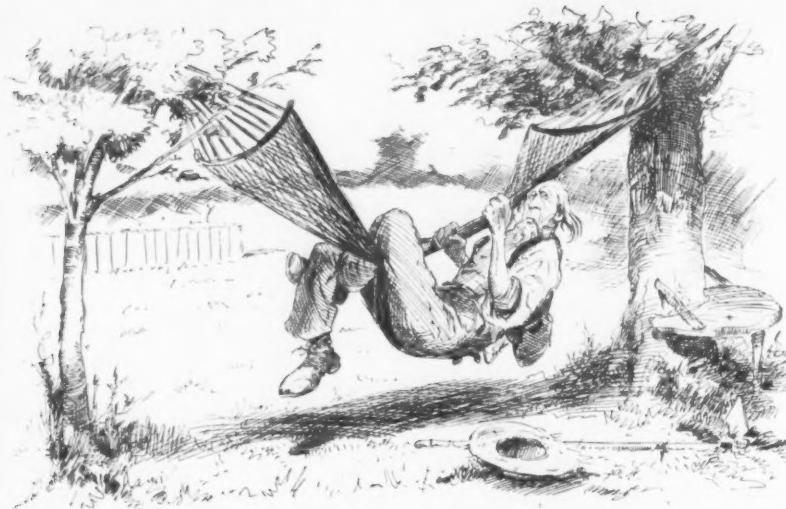
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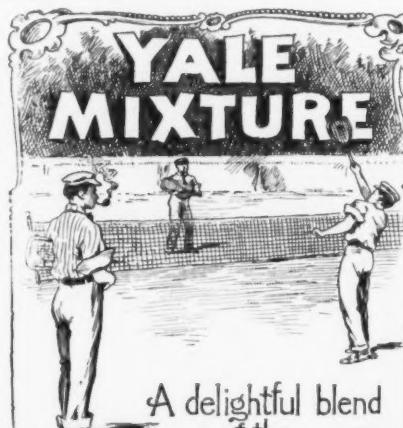
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